THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—*"The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS
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BY
MRS. ANNE ROYALL.
At the corner of North B and Third sts
Capitol Hill

SELECTED TALES.

THE PRIEST'S STORY.

'I have already made known to you, that a younger brother and myself were left to the care of my mother—best of mothers!' said the holy man, sighing deeply and clasping his hands fervently, while his eyes were lifted to heaven as if love made conscious that the spirit of her he lamented had found its eternal rest there—'thy gentle and affectionate nature sunk under the bitter trial that an all-wise Providence was pleased to visit thee with! Well, Frank was my mother's darling—not that you are to understand, by my saying that she was of that weak and capricious state of mind which lavished its cares upon one at the expense of the others—far from it—never was a deep store of maternal love more equally shared, than among the four brothers—but when the two seniors went away, and I was some time after sent, for my studies, at St. Omer, Frank became the object upon which all the tenderness of her affectionate heart might exercise the little maternal cares that hitherto had been divided among so many. Indeed, my dear Frank deserved it all—his was the gentlest of natures, combined with a mind of singular strength and brilliant imagination In short, as the phrase has it, he was 'the flower of the flock,' and great things were expected from him. It was some time after my return from St. Omer, while preparations were making for advancing Frank in the pursuit which had been selected as the business of his life, that every hour which drew nearer to the moment of the subject, we cannot possibly expect Frank for an hour to come yet.

Still my mother could not become calm, and she figetted about the room because busy in doing nothing, and now and then would go to the door of the house to listen for the distant tramp of Frederick's horse; but Frank came out.

'More than the hour I had named as the probable time of his return, had elapsed, and my mother's anxiety had amounted to a painful pitch—and I began myself to blame my brother for so long and late an absence. Still, I endeavored to calm her, and had prevailed on her to seat herself again at the fire, and commenced reading a page or two of an amusing book, when suddenly she stopped me, and turned her head to the window in the attitude of listening.

'It is, it is?' said she—'I hear him coming.

And now the sound of the horse's feet in a rapid pace became audible. She arose from her chair, and with a deeply aspirited 'Thank God!' went to open the door for him herself. I heard the horse now pass by the window—in a second or two more, the door was opened, and instantly a fearful scream from my mother bro't me hastily to her assistance. I found her lying in the hall in a deep swoon—the servants of the house hastily crowded to spot, and gave her immediate aid. I ran to the door to ascertain the cause of my mother's alarm, and there I saw Frank's horse panting and foaming, and the saddle empty. That my brother had been thrown and badly hurt, was the first thought that suggested itself—and a car and a horse were immediately ordered to drive in the direction he had been running—but in a few minutes, our fears were excited to the last degree by discovering there was blood on the saddle.

We all experienced inconceivable terror at the discovery, but not to weary you with details, suffice it to say, that we commenced a diligent search and at length arrived at a small by way that turned from the main road, and led through a bog, which was the nearest course for my brother to have taken homewards, and we accordingly began to explore it. I was mounted on the horse my brother had ridden, and the animal snorted violently, and exhibited evident symptoms of dislike to retrace this by-way, that, I doubted not, he had already travelled that night—and this very fact made me still more apprehensive, that some terrible occurrence must have taken place, to occasion such excessive repugnance on the part of the animal. However, I urged him onward, and telling those who accompanied me, to follow with what speed they might I dashed forward, followed by a faithful servant of Frank's. At the termination or about half a mile, the horse became still more impatient of restraint, and started at every ten paces, and the dog began to traverse the little road, giving an occasional yelp, sniffing the air strongly, and lashing his sides with his tail, as if on some scent. At length he came to a stand, and beat about within a very circumscribed place, yelping occasionally, as if to draw my attention. I dismounted immediately, but the horse was so extremly restless, that the difficulty I had in holding him prevented me from observing the road by the lantern which I carried. I perceived, however, it was very much trampled hereabouts, and bore evidence of having been the scene of a struggle—I shouted to the party in the rear, who soon came up and some faggots of bog wood which brought with them to assist in our search, and we now more clearly distinguished the marks I have alluded to. The dog still howled, and indicated a particular spot to us, and on one side of the path, upon the stunted grass, we discovered a quantity of fresh blood, and I picked up a pencil-case that I knew had belouged to my murdered brother—for I now was compelled to consider him as such, and an attempt to discribe the agonized feelings which at that moment I experienced would be vain. We continued our search for the discovery of his body for many hours without success, and the morning was far advanced before we returned home. How changed a home from the preceding day! My beloved mother could scarcely be roused, for a moment, from a sort of stupor that seized upon her, when the paroxysm of frenzy was over, which the awful catastrophe of the fatal right had produced. If ever heart was broken, hers was. She lingered but a few weeks after son she adored, and seldom spoke during the period, amount to cell upon his name.

But I will not dwell on the painful theme. Suffice it to say—she died—and her death, under such circumstances; increased the sensation which my brother's mysterious murder had excited. Yet, with all the horror which was universally entertained for the crime, and the execrations poured upon its atrocious perpetration, still the door of the deed remained undiscovered—and even I, who of course was the most active in seeking to develope the mystery, not only could catch no clue to lead to the discovery of the murderer, but failed even to ascertain where the mangled remains of my lost brother were deposited.

It was nearly a year after the fatal event, that a penitent knelt to me, and confided to the ear of his confessor the misdeeds of an ill spent life—I saw of his whole life—for he had never before knelt at the confessional.

Fearful was the catalogue of crime that was revealed to me—unbounded selfishness, oppression, revenge and lawless passion, had held unbridled influence over the unfortunate sinner, and sensuality in all its shapes, even to the polluted home and betrayed maiden had plunged him deeply into sin.

I was shocked—I may even say I was disgusted, and the culprit himself seemed to shrink from the recapitulation of his crimes, which he found more extensive and appalling than he had dreamed of, until the recital of them called all up in fearful array before him. I was about to commence an admonition, when he interrupted me—he had more to communicate. I desired her to proceed—he writhed before me. I enjoined him in the name of the God he had offended, and who knoweth the inmost heart, to make an unreserved disclosure of his crimes, before he dared to seek a reconciliation with his Maker. At length, after many a pause and convulsive sob, he told me, almost suffocated by terror, that he had been guilty of bloodshed. I shuddered, but in a short time I recovered myself, and asked how and where he had deprived a fellow creature of life? Never, to the latest day of my life shall I forget the look which the miserable sinner gave me at that moment. His eyes were glazed, and seemed starting from their sockets with terror—his face assumed a deadly paleness—he raised his clasped hands up to me in the most imploring action, as if supplicating mercy, and with livid and quivering lips he gasped but—'Twas I who killed your brother.'

Oh, God! how I felt at that instant! Even now, after the lapse of years, I recollect the sensation—It was as if the blood was flowing back upon my heart, until I felt as if it would burst—and then, a few convulsive breathings—and back rushed the blood again through my tingling veins. I thought I was dying, but suddenly I uttered an hysteric laugh, and fell back senseless in my seat.

When I recovered, a cold sweat was pouring down my forehead, and I was weeping copiously. Never did I feel my manhood annihilated under the influence of an hysterical affection—for when I could hear any thing, his entreaties that I would not discover upon him, were poured forth in the most abject strains of supplication.

'Fear not for your miserable life,' said I, 'the seal of confession is upon what you have revealed to me, and so far you are safe, but leave me for the present—and come not to me until I send for you. He departed.

I knelt and prayed for strength to Him who alone could give it, to fortify me in in the dreadful hou.. Here was the author of a dreadful murder, and a mother's consequent death, discovered to me in the person of my penitent. It was a fearful position for a frail mortal to be placed in but as a consequence of the holy calling I professed, I hoped, through the blessing of Him whom I served, to acquire fortitude for the trial into which the ministry of his gospel had left me.

The fortitude I needed came through prayer, and when I thought myself equal to the task, I sent for the murderer of my brother. I officiated for him as our church had ordained. I appointed penances to him, and in short, dealt with him merely as any other confessor might have done.

Years thus passed away, and during that time he constantly attended his duty, and it was remarked through the country that he had become a quieter person since Father Roach had become his confessor. But still he was not liked, and indeed, I fear he was far from a reformed man, though he did not allow his stranger sins to be so glaring as they were wont to be, and I began to think that terror and cunning had been his motives in suggesting to him the course he had adopted, as the opportunities it gave him of being often with me as his confessor, were likely to lull all suspicion of his guilt in the eyes of the world—and in making me the depository of his fearful secret, he thus placed himself beyond the power of my purity, and interposed the strongest barrier to my becoming the avenger of his bloody deed. Hitherto I have not made you acquainted with the cause of that foul act, it was jealousy. He found himself rivalled by my brother in the good graces of a beautiful girl of moderate circumstances, whom he would have wished to obtain as his wife, but to whom Frank had become an object of greater interest! and I doubt not, had my poor fellow been spared that marriage would ultimately have drawn closer the ties that were so savagely severed. But the ambuscade and the knife had done their deadly work, for the cowardly villain had lain in wait for him on the lonely bog road he guessed he would travel on that fatal night, and springing from his lurking place, he stabbed my noble Frank in the back.

One gloomy evening in March, I was riding along the very road where my brother had met his fate, in company with his murderer. I know not what brought us together in such a place, except the hand of Providence, that sooner or later brings the murderer to justice, for I was not wont to pass the road, and loathed the company of the man who happened to overtake me upon it. I knew not whether it was some secret visitation of conscience that influenced him at the time, or that he thought the lapse of years had wrought upon me so far, as to obliterate the grief for my brother's death, which had never been, till that moment, alluded to, however remotely, since he confessed his crime. Judge then my surprise, when directing my attention to a particular point in the bog, he said—'Tis close by that place that your brother is buried.

I could not. I think have been more astonished had my brother appeared before me.

'What brother?' said I.

'Your brother Frank,' said he—'twas there I buried him, poor fellow, after I killed him.

'Merciful God!' I exclaimed, 'thy will be done,' and seizing the rein of the culprit's horse, I said, 'Wretch that you are! you have owned to the sheding of the innocent blood, that has been crying to heaven for vengeance these ten years, and I arrest you here as my prisoner.

He turned ashly pale—as he faltered out a few words, to say, I had promised not to betray him.

'Twas under the seal of confession, said I, 'that you disclosed the deadly secret, and under that seal my lips must have been forever closed—but now, even in the very place where your crime was committed, it has pleased God that you should arrange yourself in the world—and the brother of your victim is appointed to be avenger of innocent blood.

He was overwhelmed by the awfulness of this truth, and unresistingly he road beside me to the adjacent town of ——, where he was commited for trial.

The report of this singular and providential discovery of a murder, excited a great deal of interest in the country—and as I was known to be the culprit's confessor, the bishop of the diocese forwarded a statement to a higher quarter, which procured for me a dispensation as regarded the confession of the criminal—and I was headed this instrument, absolving me from further secrecy, a few days before the trial. I was the principal evidence against the prisoner.—The body of my brother had, in the interim, been found in the spot his murderer had indicated, and the bog preserved it so far from decay, as to render recognition a task of no difficulty, the proof was so satisfactorily reduced to the jury, that the murderer was found guilty and executed ten years after he had committed the crime.

The Judge pronounced a very feeling comment on the nature of the situation in which I had been placed for so many years, and passed a very flattering eulogium upon what he was pleased to call my heroic observance of the obligation of secrecy' by which I had been bound.

Thus, sir, you see how sacred a trust that of a fact revealed under confession is held by our church, when even the avenging a brother's murder was not sufficient warranty for its being broken.

WHAT A BUSTLE.—'Nabby—where is the children's bed!'

'Ar't it thar mam!'

'No—nor the bolster neither.

'What!—O! now I think on't mam, I guess Miss Susan put the bolster on for a bustle, and now I think on't again, I reckon Miss Jane wore'd out the bed, too, kase she had on an awful big bump this mornin.' O! these gals, mam—never seed nothin' like 'em.'

'Hush! Nabby.'

'I say, Bill, what makes that feller so bald-headed!'

'Why, don't you see—his hair all turned the other way, and come out on his chin.

'Oh! my sins! so it has—but I say, I wonder if it found hard work getting through.

'No—guess not—it's so soft all about there that you stick your finger in and never feel nothing.'

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1842.

THE GLOBE.

We are pleased to see something like reform in this quarter.

Some money-hawk, who wants a job, has written a letter to the editors on matters relative to the city, which they decline publishing, and give their reasons, and upon some reference in the communication to the present mayor, the editors defend him with much spirit, a portion of which we copy, viz:

"He ought not to expect a man with the requisite ability for Mayor to devote the whole of his time to the public service for $1,000 per annum, which is the Mayor's salary. His services should be in proportion to the pay. 'Poor pay poor preach," is a savage motto, but a very good one, in our opinion. Instead of the Mayor looking out for objects of improvement, we think he should shut his eyes upon most of them, and not permit any more gulleys to be dug, or filled up, where sewers run into them, until the city debt shall be lessened a few hundred thousand dollars."

Just exactly what every honest man would say.

If Washington was not the meanest metropolis in what is called the civilized world, they would allow their chief magistrate a salary more becoming the mayor of the metropolis of a great nation! This they could easily afford, but for a swindling set of low sharpers, such as Constable *Beck* and *Wm. A. Bradley*, who are eternally taxing the citizens with improvements to enhance the value of their own lots.

$1,000. What is that? Mr. Seaton, the Mayor, gives away more to the poor and indigent.

There never was a man more tormented with beggars. Every poor or unfortunate traveller, who passes through the city out of money, applies to him for assistance the moment they arrive, and we have known him to suspend every other consideration and go out and borrow money for poor strangers.

Generous as a prince, he never suffers the needy to go empty away. He is kept forever poor by these eternal calls, while the *pious* church-going, Messrs. Bradly and Beck, who never gave a loaf of bread, though they have taken many a one from the poor, in the shape of taxes, *Post Office funds, Holland loans*, &c. &c. which falls upon the poor man to pay—must have streets and pavements leading to all their houses, which would make up a suitable salary for their Mayor.*

But we are much pleased with the change of opinion of the Globe in regard to expenditures, as it is but a short time since it laid off a city job of about two millions of dollars, at the lowest calculation, perhaps twice the sum would have been expended in the proposed water-works, and splitting Pennsylvania Avenue in half—re-flagging and re paving, and topped off with a platform of five million, for the statue of Gen. Washington to rest on, as Mr. *Maher* thought would be a great improvement to the city. This would have been a fine windfall for the pipe-layers in Philadelphia and New York. It would have been equal to any treasury building, or Navy Yard idlers in the cause of Col. "Binton."

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* Our prophecy is coming true. We told the Whig members they would never prosper if they patronized the rich oppressor, to the exclusion of the honest poor man. Instead of this, one of them asked us toward the close of last session, "Who is that little red whiskered man, Mrs. R. who is always so busy, and always to be seen in Congress Post Office?!!!"

But we have a new charge against another Whig officer of the House—the door keeper, with his six horses, and seven colored men, [including Lee]. The facts we allude to were first disclosed to us by the insults of three of those black ruffians before our own door.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Since the publication of our last remarks on this periodical, we have seen the October number, and find that Mr. O'Sullivan has withdrawn from the concern, and a Mr. *Langley* & Co. owns the Review, and Mr. O'S. has been elected to serve in the State Legislature of New York. Upon him, therefore, as well as the new editors, our remarks will be lost—not upon the people, nor upon some of the former editors who still reside in this place, and some, even Members of Congress, make it their residence most of the time, and have [though secretly] been principal adviser and leader of the ultra Democrats, the only patrons of the Review, viz: the *agrarians*, the *war* party, the *Dorr* party, and the *bank note* party. The working men's party, to judge from the papers, appear to have withdrawn—therefore, since Amos and the secret writers, comprising a goodly number, living as they do at the metropolis, still have the control, and martial out the course of the Review, we will continue our queries.

The present publication of the Democratic Review, as under the former editors, have no reference to the transactions of the Democracy. It mostly consists of scientific essays, &c. historical extracts, frothy comments, foreign writers, poetry, and abstruse demonstrations, which our friend of the Saturday Courier calls "of high order." Rather so, for plain Democracy—it is neither adapted to the capacity nor the wants of the great mass of the people of this country. It neither states what Democracy is, or what it is not. Upon the virtues or vices of republican governments, we find not a word, nor in *one* instance, with all its display of learning, does it point out to the commonest understanding *right* from *wrong*—of course there is no land-mark for the statesman, the representative, or the elector. In fact there is not a word, so far as our limited glance at the number we saw extended, upon the present difficulties of the country, and of course the editors find no necessity to point out a remedy. Instead of this, they keep as far off as possible. In short, the contents are a mere humbug, uncalculated for the benefit of any party.

One thing, however, is very plain, which is, that though the editors commend some of the vetos, they are no friends of President Tyler, and go strong against his removals from office. Of course they stick close to instructions from head quarters, and the removals offer as innocent an opportunity as they could select, to give a plain hint to P. T.

THE OLD KITCHEN LETTER WRITERS AGAIN.

Listen to one of these. We can trace it no farther than to the Troy [N. Y.] Budget, quoted by the Globe. It is headed "WHIG EXTRAVAGANCE," and was beyond doubt written in this city—sent off and published at a distance, and then copied in this city, as if the Globe did not know it before, and that it was false. It knew better than any editor *out* of the seat of government what money was appropriated by the Whig Congress, and for what purpose. Why then should the editors quote such falsehoods but to deceive!

"The Globe quotes conspicuously from the Troy Budget, a statement made up somewhat after the manner of our late Locofoco candidate for Governor, [though not quite so-extravagant as his] in which the Whig 'profligacy and extravagance, during only two years,' is set down as follows, in flaming capitals; "EXPENDITURE and DEBT amounting to some EIGHTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!—Expenditures, SEVENTY MILLIONS; addition to debt, FIFTEEN MILLIONS!'

This enormous amount of seventy millions of expenditure, in two years, is made up as follows.—

"TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS (short a fraction) spent during a SINGLE SESSION of Congress, [mean the late session.]

"But this is not the whole of the record, by a large amount, To this must be added the round sum of nearly TWENTY MILLIONS. ($19,799,277 78,) appropriated by the extra session.

'Nor has the whole yet been named. When the Federalists took the reins of Government, their friends in Congress demanded and secured an appropriation of over TWENTY-SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS for the expenses of 1841:

'Making a grand total of expenditures, for the two years of more than SEVENTY MILLIONS of dollars, or over THIRTY-FIVE MILLIONS per annum!"

It may, and must appear strange to persons of only moderate information, to learn that numbers of our citizens believe those falsehoods, and believing them, vote for those who actually involved the country in debt and ruin. They [the people], do this from no ill motive, but on the contrary, to avoid extravagant expenditures, being led into the error by such falsehoods as the above.

The gentleman says the Whig profligacy during two years, is

"EXPENDITURE and DEBT amounting to some EIGHNY FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!—Expenditures, SEVENTY MILLIONS—addition to debt, FIFTEEN MILLIONS!"

When a man wishes to convince, he must give facts—mere assertions are no proof, and we beg leave to remind our readers of a well known result, that telling one falsehood, requires a dozen or more to make the first one good. Accordingly, the writer gives a false statement in the first instance, and in attempting to show how it was, he asserts another falsehood, viz—

"This enormous amount of seventy-millions of expenditure, in two years, is made up as follows—

"TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS [short a fraction] spent during a SINGLE SESSION of Congress, [meaning the last session.]

But this is not all. He says "the round sum of nearly TWENTY MILLIONS was appropriated by the extra session!!!" But he has not done yet. "When the federalists took the reins of government they demanded and secured TWENTY SIX millions of dollars for the expenses of 1841." These are the falsehoods.

Now hear the facts. The *total* appropriation of the extra session of the 27th Congress, instead of being "twenty million, or $19,799,277 78, was $5,043,705 00
(Se Doc. No. 62, 1st sess. H. R. 27th Cong.)
The total appropriations of the 2d session of the 27th Congress closed in August last, is . 24,952,190 82
Viz:

RECAPITULATION.

Civil and Diplomatic List	$9 363.293 53
Army . . .	6.405 280 36
Navy . .	6,774.405 42
Fortifications . .	278 000 00
Pensions . .	730,766 00
Indian Department, Treaties, &c. . .	1,300.077 47
Private bills, H. R. .	37,585 01
Private bills, Senate .	62,773 03
.	$24,952'190 82

CLERKS OFFICE, H. R. August 31, 1842.
M W. ST. CLAIR CLARKE,
Clerk House of Representatives of the U. S.

Making the total appropriations the 27th Congress, two sessions (not two years) $29,995,895 82.

Now where does this knave and slanderer get his eighty-five millions!!!!" Where? Why, he adds the appropriation of the *short*—the *last* session of the 26th *Congress*, that is, the Democracy Congress, whose duty it was to appropriate money for the year 1841, which is always done, and it is well known, they went out of power 4th March, '41. They appropriated $32,025,070. Add this to the actual appropriations of the 1st and 2d sessions of the 27th Congress, and it would only make $63,020 965 82.

Where then does he get the remainder of the "eighty five millions of dollars expended by the Whigs"? There is nearly twenty-three millions behind. Well, he can just send over here to the slop shop, where falsehoods of all shapes and sizes are ready made. True, they are a bungling fit, but then they are intended for bungling people, who would believe him sooner than their bible.

But to the eighty five millions. Observe he sets out at first with "Whig extravagance"—"expenditures and DEBT," amounting to some eighty-five millions—expenditures seventy millions in addition to fifteen millions," and this is the way the gentleman makes out the eighty-five millions of dollars.

Now what record does he produce to prove that the Whig (27th) Congress expended, say seventy millions? He produces none, the knave, while we have proved from authentic records that the appropriations for the TWO SESSIONS of the 27th Congress is but TWENTY NINE MILLION, NINE HUNDRED and NINETY FIVE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINTY-FIVE dollars and eighty two cents.

We wonder such base wretches are not afraid the lightning of heaven will strike them dead with the lie in their mouth.

The "FIFTEEN MILLION debt." Oh, these outrageous Whigs, why does the writer not give official evidence on *this*, Whig sin? He has not done so, and we will do it for him.

In the first place, then, the 26th Congress at their last session, as we before observed, appropriated money for the expenditures of the government of 1841. The first of January in every year, is always disignated as the commencement of drawing the annual salaries from the treasury, if there be any money in it not otherwise appropriated, and it was soon found that the Van Buren Government had drawn every dollar out of the treasury—there was not a single dollar in it, when Gen Harrison was inaugurated—the revenue being snapped up before it had reached the treasury, and it was found that the expenditures from 1st of January 1841, (see Document No. 2. page 2d) till the 4th of March, when Gen. Harrison came in—two months—$4 627 166, and the Navy and Army troops, the men engaged on public works, and nearly, if not all the clerks in the public departments remained *unpaid*, besides $8,430,300, appropriated by former Congresses [see same document and page] which were to be met this year; where was the money? where was the means to pay all this? Not a dollar left in the treasury! and the Secretary of the Treasury urged the new President to call an extra session, or the wheels of government must stop!

An extra session was called, and a loan of TWELVE millions [not 15] was authorized to meet these—the appropriations. But the credit of the U. S. was so low, that only a small part of the loan, ½ was taken.

If ever there were fiends in human shape, it is those unprincipled monsters, who rob the people of their dearest rights, under the mask of friendship. The highway robber is an angel compared to them, and what are the presses about? Why have they not exposed these falsehoods? Poor

contemptible milk and water sops, and the people! what are they doing? but they are not worth defending—give them plenty of rope.

Those correspondents abound in this city—miscreants, not worth the powder that would dispatch them.

POETRY.

THE ALLEGHENY GHOST.

TUNE—"Sally put the child to bed."

It was upon the ither night
A certain lad did get a fright,
He said he saw an awful sight,
Some ghaist I trow.

This same lad was an unco baby,
Just got frae neath the skirth of mammy,
That wanted bad to see a lady,
A bony lass.

This lad he dre[illegible]him up fu' bra,
Wi' hat upon his head and a,
And then you see he scud awa,
Fu' blithe and gay.

Some lass about the head o' toon.
Had just put on her sleeping goon,
And then went out to see the moon,
Or something else.

By chance this lad in passing by,
Just now her 'frightful' form did spy,
Then he began to roar and cry,
And run for life.

By chance a house his course did stop,
And he rush'd in without a knock,
He took its mistress by the frock,
Who led him home.

His mother took him by the hand,
And tried to soothe his infant mind,
With words both smooth and very kind.
But all in vain.

His father put his child to bed,
He smooth'd the pillow for his head,
And he himself beside him laid
To quell his fears.

THEY'VE TAULD ME WE MAUN PART, WILLIE.

They've tauld we maun part, Willie,
They hae tauld me I maun dee—
And sad and sorrowful's my heart
That I maun part frae thee Willie,
That I may part from thee.

The rose has fled my cheek, Willie,
And gane's for aye its bloom—
Strong is thy love, but a' too weak
To shield me frae the tomb, Willie,
To shield me frae the tomb.

D'ye mind the bonnie shaw, Willie,
Where first we used to meet,
Where saft the simmer breezes blaw,
And ilka flower is sweet, Willie,
And ilka flower is sweet.

I would that I was there, Willie,
In the spot that I loe best;
But I shall never see it mair,
For death is in my breast, Willie,
For death is in my breast.

This is the last sun's light, Willie,
That I shall see with thee;
'Twill beam again baith fair and bright,
But 'twill not shine on me, Willie,
But 'twill not smile on me.

I ken that ye will greet, Willie,
Long after I am gane—
But if we trust in heaven to meet,
We may not trust in vain, Willie,
We may not trust in vain.—(Rich. Star.)

'You spilled the tea, Mr. Flop.'
'I did'nt mam'
'You did, sir.'
'I did'nt.'
'Tis false, Mr. Flop.'
'Thunder, mam! I'll be buttered if *I* stand that.'
'Well, take it then,' exclaimed the infuriated Mrs. Flop, and in an instant, the flushed face of the simple-hearted Flop disappeared behind the whole plate full.

COURTING DOWN EAST.—Sally, the house-maid, paring apples in the corner. Enter Obediah, who seats himself in the corner, opposite to Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally, scratching his head breaks silence with—

'There's considerable imperceptible dultering of the weather since last week'

Sally—Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the thermometer has lowered up to four hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obediah—I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warm days than cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obediah gives his head another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence.

'Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh ride—it's such intimicable good sleddin—to-morrow.

Sally—You are! Our folks are suspecting company all day to morrow.

Obediah—I spose they will have insatiat times on it. I should be indefinately happy if you should disgrace me with your company. I should take it as a deroptiary honor; besides, we're calculating to treat the gals copious well with reasons and black-strap.

Sally—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but, as our folks suspect company, I can't go,

Obediah sits scratching his head a while, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

'Well, now I know what I 'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beans what have been lying down there in the barn such a darned while!

Some years ago, a chap arrived at Augusta, with one of those great curiosities, an Egyptian Mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then, and may be now for aught we know, that before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the Judge of some of the inferior Courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to the Court House, where some Court was in session, and applied to the Judge, for a licence, stating that at infinate trouble and expense, to say nothing of danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States.

'What is it?' asked the judge.

'An Egyptian Mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old. said the Showman.

'Three thousand years old!' exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, 'and is the darned critter alive?'—N. O. Tropic.

A GEM.—The following beautiful sentiment is extracted from one of the Rev. Mr. Burnap's Lectures.

'The union of two true hearts in marriage, is a scene which art decorates with the most splendid and imposing works of her hands, innocent curiosity flocks to it as a marvel and a show, the moral sentiments of mankind sanction it, religion blesses it. Christ himself once hallowed it with his presence, and God adds to it the choicest smiles of his providence.

We agree with a correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, that it is seldom that we meet with so rare and polished a literary gem—one so chaste and so true.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled an unfaithful shephard, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, 'he was always with them at the shearing time.'

Scene—a boarding house. Dick to the landlord—'Mr. W. have you a piece of steak there that is rare?' Landlord—'Yes, sir, we have a very good steak to day!' Dick—'Well that's rare enough.'

—o—

PERSEVERANCE
COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south of corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors, Wines, Porter, Ale and Cider, as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping a constant supply of the best Oysters, cooked in every way and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE.
Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store, on Penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf	boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted,	do.
Do coarse thick	do.
Do Brogans and Monroe	do.
Do pumps and Calf . .	shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.	
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal. and Morocco walking	do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.	

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above. JAMES H. BIRCH.

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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

B. O. SHECKLES.

September 23, 1840.

DEPOT HOUSE.

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAEL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVLLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

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The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skiltul and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

Of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhaga or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same disagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregulat action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by presure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro. magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter either in a negative or positive state of electro and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are er ad cated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sourcin is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them these symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work whichaccompanies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success without dieting orinconvenience.

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By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work is just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to he citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a souournor in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other of the Society of Odd Fellows.

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CHARLES CAHAN.

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PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—*Printed and published by A. M'Makin and E. Holden, at No. 72, Dock street, corner of Walnut.*

Terms of subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance, $1 25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each insertion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisements affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills.

Any person forwarding 10 dollars will be entitled to six copies.

Postage on letters must invariably be paid.

Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

All remittances of money by mail are acknowledged in the "Receipts by Mail."

Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even.

When a single paper is ordered by an agent, and postage accrues, it is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line—Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruit Nuts, &c.

H. BARNS.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldrige's Balm of Columbia*.

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel. British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have the name of L. COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No. 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK. & CO.
Wholesale Druggists, New York.

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung upon the sale of this article. This has stood the best 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon: when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue—and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John *L.* Kidwell.

PROPOSALS

For publishing at Paris, O. a Religious Newspaper to be called

THE LADIES' ROSEBUD.

BY ELIZABETH S. F. BOYLE.

The following subjects will receive attention: Society: Etiquett: & Character: Poetry: Moral Tales. Botany: Kitchen & Pastry Cooking: Duties Of Wives & Mothers: Temperance: Health: Gymnastics: Humorisms: &c.

TERMS.—The "ROSE BUD" will be published weekly, on good medium paper, and new type, and furnished to subscribers at the low price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable at the end of six months, or 75 cents in Advance. 6 copies for Five Dollars.—12 copies 9 *Dollars.*

AGENCIES—Ministers of the Gospel, and their Ladies, Editors, Post Masters, *Sunday School* Teachers, and Ladies who choose to do so, are authorized to act as agents, to whom a compensation of 10 per cent will be allowed, if they desire it. It is desirable to have subscriptions as soon as possible, as I wish to loose no time in commencing the publication, which will be as soon as 200 names are procured.

Editors are respectfully requested to copy this prospectus.

N. B. *Subscribers* taken for any length of time—subscriptions under 6 months must be paid *invariably in advance.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

TEN NEW NOVELS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The Publishers of Brother Jonathan will continue the publication of complete new works in extra numbers of their paper, at least as often as once a fortnight during the remainder of the year.

Such arrangements have been made in London, as must ensure the earliest possible receipt of all new English publications—and in many instances advance copies of popular novels will be purchased, to be published in an Extra Brother Jonathan simultaneously with their appearance on the other side of the Atlantic.

With such facilities, the Jonathan publishers trust they shall merit the extremely liberal patronage thus far bestowed on their new plan of publication. First in the field, as they always have been in the production of literary novelties, they feel gratified in announcing that notwithstanding a rival establishment has followed closely in their footsteps in this new enterprise—the sales of all the new works published by them have averaged over 25,000 copies each.

TERMS OF THE EXTRA BROTHER JONATHAN:

TEN COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR, or 12½ cents single.

Persons forwarding us one dollar, free of postage, will be entitled to ten different complete new works, as they are published.

The country edition of the Extra Brother Jonathan is, by a decision of the Postmaster General, subject to newspaper postage only. The city edition will be neatly bound in a yellow cover. Letters should always be post-paid, or franked by a postmaster according to law.

*** Our editions of "Eva," "Gaspar the Pirate," "Father Connel," and "Zanoni,' being entirely exhausted, we are unable to supply further orders for those four works.

WILSON AND COMPANY, Publishers,
162 Nassau-street. New-York.

ALMOST GIVING AWAY GOODS.

I have just received from New York a splendid assortment of Lace Goods of all descriptions, which I will sell for one half their value. *Edgings.* 2 yards for 1 cent. Lisle thread Laces for making capes and collaretis, from 3 to 25 cents per yard. Silk Blood Quilling, 2 cents per yard, worth 6 cents. New style Ribbed Ribbon, only 4 cents per yard. Quillings of all kinds, from 1 cent upwards; Nets for caps from 3 to 50 cents per yard. Brussels Net, 9 yards wide, 37 1-2 cents per yd., worth one Dollar. Ladies' Dress Caps, made in the new style, and well trimmed, only 37 1-2 cents per piece. Newest style of capes, collars, and collaretts of all descriptions, from 12 1-2 cents to one dollar. Ladies' and Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves, from 25 to 50 cents per pair, with a good assortment of insertings, footings, thread edging, black laces and edgings, &c., very cheap. Also, Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, uncommonly cheap. Muslin collars, trimmed with lace, two for a fip, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

Affixed prices and no abatement.

JAMES Y. KING.

PROPOSALS

FOR

PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev. THOMAS MAGUIRE, and the Rev. R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most, remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary a vidity and in the *U*nited States passed through three editions, all of which are exhausted to the last copy—and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without distressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc. Geon, Willings Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon *U*tica. N. Y.;—Mr. T. Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the *U.* S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectaries to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever—and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the *U*nited States. It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

THE GENUINE VEGETABLE PILLS

—An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa. Gleets. Strictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend. These Pills are put up in squar boxes, with full directions accompanying eace box. For sale by &. W. Young jr. C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the Avenue; C. T. and The Jardella corner of 12th and the avenue.

Warde on 9th street.

Georgetown. O. by Linthicum.

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S.

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly he Dahlias, are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

*** Orders from distance punctually attended to, and Seeds Roots, and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th *S*treets, *S*outh side, next door to the *S*tar Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Trunk, Pad and Other Locks, warranted *S*ecurity of BRAMAS, and other improved Patents for Banks, *S*tores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with *S*afety *T*umbler Night Latches, and small keys; Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in generel, not only of Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematical Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning of any instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn. avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

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Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

CONFECTIONARY.

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